

DELL

NOV. - DEC.
Still 10¢

ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER



Roy runs into unexpected danger
when a sniper draws a bead
on his African Safari!

KRAFT CANDIES

good, like all Kraft foods



1 1/2" SIZE - 1 1/2" SIZE



KRAFT FUDGIES are the treat you never get enough of! They taste so creamy good and wonderful. Pick Chocolate in gold foil or Vanilla in silver, 42 in every bag!

Try Kraft's wonderful Caramels and Marshmallows, too!

ROY ROGERS

and ROY JUNIOR

DURING A SIGHTSEEING TRIP, ROY ROGERS AND HIS SON DUSTY CHARTER A PLANE IN FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFRICA AND WING THEIR WAY SOUTHWARD OVER THE RIM OF THE KALAHARI DESERT...

BUSHMAN'S GOLD



FROM INSIDE THE PLANE, DUSTY GETS HIS FIRST GLIMPSES OF AFRICAN BIG GAME...

"THERE ARE SOME ANTELOPE — GEMSBOK; I KNOW THEM FROM PICTURES, DAD! AND TWO LIONS! SEE 'EM, GILLET?"



JOE'S BARBARIANITY'S WILDERNESS TRIES TO ESCAPE THE PLANE'S PURSUING GAZE!

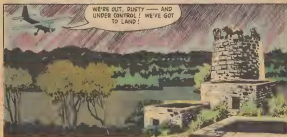
"YOU'LL SEE LOTS MORE THINGS BEFORE WE REACH JOHANNESBURG, DUSTY!"

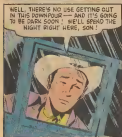


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THE NEXT MORNING...

WELL, DUSTY, THE SUN IS OUT — BUT WE CAN'T TAKE OFF TILL THE WATER DRAINS AWAY!

SO, LET'S GO EXPLORING, DAD!

I'M SURE THE TOWN I SAW WAS OVER THIS WAY!

THEN WE OUGHT TO SEE IT FROM THE TOP OF THE HILL!

THERE, DAD! I WAS RIGHT! SEE? A TOWN!

THE REMAINS OF ONE, AT LEAST! HUNDREDS — MAYBE THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD!

SUDDENLY A BULLET WHIPS ROY'S HAT OFF HIS HEAD...

DUCK, DUSTY!

BLAM!

GOLLY! WHY WOULD ANYBODY SHOOT AT US, DAD?

I SURE DON'T KNOW, SON! BUT IT PUTS US IN A NICE FIX: OUR PLANE WILL BE IN EASY RIFLE RANGE, WHEN WE MOVE OUT FROM THE SHELTER OF THE BUSH!













BOY'S SECOND SHOT DISORIENTS THE ANIM...



...AND, OFF BALANCE, HE
CLUTCHES A STONE
CARVING ...



THEN FALLS TO HIS DEATH!



SO THESE ARE TSAMBA'S
FAMILY — THE CAPTIVES ?
AND THERE ARE NO MORE
ENEMIES ?

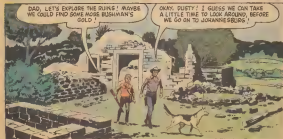
ESAI - SAI
KHUM, BOY
KENG - CHI ?



THE DELEMAN — WITH
NO IDENTIFICATION BUT
THIS BAG ! BUT WHAT
MADE HIM DO THESE
THINGS ?

KHOU ?
KHOU, BOY !





the Lancer



Young Joe Hanley looked approvingly at the stout pole in his hands. Eight feet long, straight and true, it had taken him several hours to fashion it from a young tree.

"It seems to me every time I've seen you of late, you've been carving out a fishing pole," Joe's father commented as he watched his son admiring his handwork. "That one is a mile thick for fishing. I'd say."

"Well, it's not exactly a fishing pole, Dad," Joe admitted, glancing down at the shaft with a sly grin. "Do you mind if I ride along with you? I'm meeting Teddy Benson in town this afternoon."

"Sure, boy, sure," Mr. Hanley grinned tolerantly as he mounted his horse. "But do be careful when we're in town. I wouldn't want you to accidentally nip somebody on the head with that pole of yours."

Joe mounted his own pinto and earned the pole in the crook of his arm, testing its balance and weight.

"It's a knoe, Dad," he explained earnestly. "You know, like the knight-of-old used to carry . . . only this one isn't pointed on the end. It's blunt. Teddy and I have been practicing with them all week. I've already broken on two of them."

"You don't say," Mr. Hanley replied. "If I wanted to learn to use old weapons, I'd pick something more useful. I don't think I'd find a need for something like that if I lived to be a thousand years old!"

"Oh, we know they aren't practical," Joe smiled. "We're just having fun with them."

Later, in town, as Mr. Hanley transacted some business in the general store, Joe, still mounted on his pinto, lingered at the watering trough to talk to a friend.

Suddenly, the normal buzz of activity on the main street was interrupted as shots rang out in front of the bank at the end of the street. In the next instant, the scene became

one of confusion as people headed for cover behind wagons and in doorways.

The cry of "Bank Robber!" was taken up as a rider headed away from the bank at a fast gallop, swiveling in his saddle to fire back at the men in front of the bank.

Directly in the path of the fleeing robber an elderly citizen, Mr. Crutchen, was hobbling across the street.

"Look out!" shouted Joe Hanley, trying to warn the endangered man.

Mr. Crutchen stopped and peered uncertainly in the direction of the shots.

With split-second timing, Joe gripped his pole tightly and spurred out toward the oncoming outlaw. He raised his lance and, in one quick motion, swept the outlaw from his saddle.

By the time Mr. Hanley and the storekeeper rushed from the rear of the store, the shooting had stopped and a crowd was gathering about Joe, Mr. Crutchen, and the fallen outlaw, who was moaning and groaning.

"Joe! Joe!" Mr. Hanley called, rushing to his son. "What happened? Are you hurt?"

"Joe's all right," Mr. Crutchen said reassuringly, as he clasped Joe's hand gratefully. "But that damned fool on the ground is going to have a sore chest for a mighty long spell. And it serves him right! Why, he'd have run me down if it had not been for Joe poking him out of his saddle with that long pole!"

"I guess I took the outlaw by surprise," Joe explained. "He was so busy looking back and shooting at the bank that he didn't even see me coming toward him."

"Where?" Mr. Crutchen sighed with relief. "With all this excitement, I reckon I've aged five years in the past five minutes."

"I feel pretty old myself," Mr. Hanley grinned with a knowing look at Joe and a sly glance at the long pole. "According to something I read a short while ago, I've just aged almost a thousand years!"

DALE EVANS

Queen of the West

THE FRIENDLY COW-POKE

1 DALE RIDES ALONG A NARROW, LONELY STRETCH OF ROAD ON THE WAY TO BUCKHORN. SUDDENLY...



DALE RACES TO BUCKHORN STOPPING FIRST AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE, AND THEN HURRIES INTO THE BANK.

ANN! MR. REED! HAS THE NEW FOREMAN OF THE ROCKING-W BEEN HERE TO GET THE RANCH PAYROLL?

WHY YES! HE LEFT JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO!

I WAS AT THE CASHIER'S WINDOW SO I SAW HIM TAKE THE MONEY! SOMETHING WRONG, DALE?

MR. REED, PRESIDENT



YES! THAT MAN IS NOT THE FOREMAN! HE'S A THIEF!!

YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, DALE! HE HAD IDENTIFICATION PAPERS AND LETTERS FROM THE RANCH OWNER, AUTHORIZING US TO GIVE HIM THE MONEY!

DALE TELLS THEM DERRY COB'S STORY.



WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE GETS AWAY WITH ALL THAT MONEY!



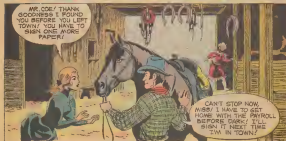
YOU TWO CAN IDENTIFY HIM IF HE'S STILL IN TOWN?

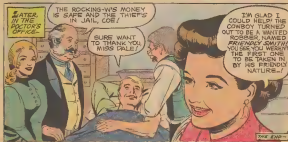
I'LL GET THE SHERIFF, AND WE'LL FIND HIM IF HE'S STILL HERE! BUT CHANCES ARE HE SKIPPED OUT FAST!



WE'LL LOOK AROUND TOWN! MAYBE ANN WILL SPOT HIM!

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES, GIRLS! HE'S A GUNMAN AND DANGEROUS!







THE FAMILY PICNIC

by Dale Evans

I guess there's nothing that's more fun than a good old-fashioned family picnic. Debbie and Dodie are always begging us to have one. Well, one day recently, we finally agreed that the next morning we'd load the family into Nellybelle, the jeep, and take a ride down to the river for a whole day of picnicking. I stayed up late that night, making potato salad and getting together enough food for three big outdoor meals.

It's a funny thing about picnics. You can do almost anything else and it doesn't bother our family, but say "picnic" and everybody is so excited they can hardly sleep. It couldn't have been later than five the next morning when Dodie and Debbie roused me out of bed and we all sleepily got up.

Dusty and Sandy helped Roy straighten out the fishing tackle so they could try to catch some trout, and they also oiled their rifles for target practice. Roy was grumbling a little about such an early start, but he and the boys packed Nellybelle, and we all piled



in and were ready to go. Roy stepped on the starter and nothing happened. He had forgotten to fill her with gasoline! Then we looked in the big storage tank in the barn. That was out of gas, too.

So, guess what we put a picnic table right in the back yard and had a wonderful time right at the ranch house all day long.

THE DAY TRIGGER RAN AWAY

by ROY ROGERS



ONE morning, while I was eating breakfast in the ranch house, my son, Dusty, came running in, shouting, "Dad, Trigger's gone!"

I grabbed my sombrero and we rushed down to the barn together. Sure enough, the gate to Trigger's stall was standing wide open, and Trigger was nowhere in sight!

My first thought was that Trigger had probably loosened the latch himself—he does that, sometimes—and that we would find him in the back-yard corral. But, when we looked, he wasn't there either. Well, I guessed that the only other place he would have gone was up the road. So I saddled Trigger, Jr., while Dusty got the new colt he had just broken in, and we took the trail leading away from the ranch.

It was about noon when Dale caught up with us on Butter milk.

"Didn't you take Bullet?" was her first question when she saw that he wasn't along.

Dusty and I hadn't even thought of that in our anxiety to find Trigger, nor had we noticed that he wasn't around the ranch.

Dale whistled. Nothing happened. Dusty whistled. Still no sign of Bullet. Then I whis-

tled and called, and, pretty soon, Bullet, looking just like a puppy, came bounding up to us out of the brush. He whined a couple of times, then took off, straight as an arrow, back in the same direction he had come from. We followed, up into the rocky hills, where the going was tough. Bullet must have ran like the wind in answer to our whistles, because it took us almost to mid-afternoon to reach the spot he was leading us to.

All of a sudden, we heard a whinny, and Trigger stuck his head up from behind some rocks.

I don't quite know how to explain the rest of the story, but I believe that animals have a way of talking to each other. That must be what took place between Bullet and Trigger sometime that morning, because, nestled in the rocks just back of Trigger was a German shepherd, a lovely girl German shepherd... and with her were four wriggling puppies.

Bullet had gotten himself married, and when the puppies had come, he just had to show them off to somebody, so he told Trigger. That was why Trigger ran away that day.

ROY ROGERS

THE MAN HUNTERS

ROY RIDES THROUGH WILD BACK COUNTRY, FOLLOWING A SHORT-CUT TRAIL TO THE RANCH OF HIS OLD FRIEND, TIM BUNCRA...

LOOK, TRIGGER !
A SADDLED HORSE !
I WONDER WHERE
HE CAME FROM...
AND WHERE'S HIS
RIDER ?



STEADY, BOY ! I SEE WHAT'S
WRONG !... YOUR REINS ARE
CAUGHT ON THAT LOG ! I'LL
SET YOU FREE !



BLOOD STAINS ON THIS
SADDLE ! SOMETHING
HAPPEN TO YOUR RIDER,
FELLA ?



SUPPERLY, TRIGGER HICKERS AND TROT'S
WENT INTO THE UNDERBUSH...

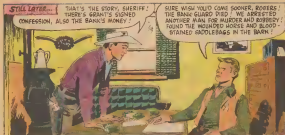
HAVE YOU PICKED
UP A SCENT, BOY ? GO
AHEAD ! WE'LL FOLLOW
YOU !



LOOKS LIKE WE'VE FOUND THE
MISSING RIDER, TRIGGER !
HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE !









YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THIS MAN HUNT, SHERIFF! SOME TRIGGER-HAPPY HONKERS ARE LIABLE TO SHOOT TIM! THE REWARD'S THE SAME, DEAD OR ALIVE!

I'LL SEND TELEGRAMS TO STOP THE LAWMEN! BUT THERE'S NO WAY TO REACH THE BOUNTY HUNTERS!



THEN I'LL HAVE TO STOP THEM... OR FIND TIM BEFORE THEY DO!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE! THEY'RE THE BEST MAN-TRACKERS IN THE TERRITORY... THE BRACK BROTHERS, BILL AND BUD!



I'LL TAKE THAT CHANCE!

MY BOYS AND I'LL GO AFTER THEM, TOO! WATCH OUT FOR THOSE BRACKS... THEY'RE MEAN AND BOUNTY-HUNGRY! GOOD LUCK, ROGERS!



WE'LL START AT TIM'S SPREAD. TRIGGER! MAYBE ONE OF HIS BOYS WILL KNOW WHICH WAY HE HEADED!



BOY RIDES INTO TIM DUNCAN'S RANCH YARD...

DUNCAN

STOP RIGHT THERE, MISTER! STATE YOUR BUSINESS! I'M RUNNING THIS OUTFIT, WHILE THE BOSS IS AWAY!

SANDY SMITH! DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME? I'M BOY ROGERS, TIM'S FRIEND! I'VE BEEN IN CLAY CITY AND HEARD WHAT HAPPENED!







IF YOU'RE ON THE LEVEL,
WHY AREN'T YOU HEADING
FOR TOWN WITH US?

I'M GOING TO
TRY TO FIND
DUNCAN AND TELL
HIM HE'S FREE!
TAKE YOUR GUNS
AND RIDE!



THE BRACKS RIDE A SAFE DISTANCE, THEN STOP.

THIS IS FAR ENOUGH, BUD! WE'LL
STAY HERE TILL DAYLIGHT, THEN WE'LL
BACKTRACK AND FOLLOW THAT FAST-
TALKING DOUBLE-
CROSSER!



DO YOU THINK THERE'S
A CHANCE HE TOLD
THE TRUTH, BILL?

ARE YOU LOOSY? HE
ADMITTED HE WAS GOING
TO FIND DUNCAN! THAT
PROVES HE'S AFTER THE
DOLLAR!



THAT ROGERS HOMERE
IS A GOOD TRACKER! HE
MUST'VE PICKED UP DUNCAN'S
TRAIL, NEAR HIS RANCH!
SAME AS WE DID!

SUPPOSE
HE BEATS US
TO DUNCAN!



NOT A CHANCE! WE
CAN'T FOLLOW A SIGN
AT NIGHT! I'VE GOT A
HUNCH ROGERS WILL
NEVER GET ANYWHERE
NEAR DUNCAN!

ANYWAY,
WE'LL DO ALL
WE CAN TO
STOP HIM!



AT THE SAME TIME...

WATCH YOUR STEP, TRIGGER!
MY GUESS IS THE BRACKS'LL
BE ON OUR TRAIL, BY GUNNIP!
THEY WON'T GIVE
UP THAT BIG
BOUNTY SO
EASY!











HELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



DRAW ME*

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***Draw cowboy's head** with pencil, 5 inches high. As winner of contest you get a complete art course—free training for a money-making career in advertising art, illustration, cartooning, or landscape in part-time evening. You are taught individually, by professional artists on the staff of world-famous home study art school, founded over 40 years ago.

Many former students of this school are now earning upwards from \$150 a week. Some over \$50,000 a year. Among all commercial artists today, one out of every ten, it's estimated has studied with this school. Try for this free art course!

Winner also gets professional drawing supplies and a series of valuable art textbooks. Entries for November 1969 contest must be received by November 30. None returned. Americans only. Our students not eligible. Winner notified.

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"That's when I have a chilled 7-Up! It gives me new energy in 2 to 4 minutes—and I'm a gay blade again. All good skaters reach for 7-Up!"



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—so you can get a quick, refreshing lift whenever you need one.
As "Fresh up" Freddie always says: " 'Fresh up' with 7-Up! "